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JNO. F. ZIMMERMAN & SON.
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Each additional insertion, 25
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Of every description, promptly attended to in the best style, on reasonable terms.

Professional Cards.

J. F. BELL, JOHN COWAN,
BELL & COWAN,
Attorneys at Law,
DANVILLE, KY.H. J. BOLLING,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Main Street, Perryville, Ky.,
Will attend to all business entrusted to him in Boyle and the adjoining counties.
Sept. 14, '55 ly.BOYLE & ANDERSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
DANVILLE, KY.
Will continue to practice law in partnership with Boyle and the adjoining counties. Office on Main street, opposite the Court House.
Jan. 2, '49S. F. FRY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
DANVILLE, KY.
Will practice in the various Courts of Boyle and the adjoining counties. Any business confided to him, will be promptly attended to.
Feb. 27, '52 ly.F. T. & T. H. FOX,
Attorneys at Law,
DANVILLE, KY.
Will attend to all business entrusted to them in Boyle and the adjoining counties. Office on Main street, opposite Court-house.
April 13, '52 ly.T. P. YOUNG,
Attorney at Law,
DANVILLE, KY.
Will practice in the various Courts of Boyle and the adjoining counties. He will act as agent for the sale or lease of Real Estate or Personal Property, and attend promptly to the collection of monies either as an Attorney or General Collector. All business entrusted to him shall be faithfully and speedily attended to, and returns punctually forwarded.
Office on Main street, opposite Court-house.
April 13, '52 ly.GEO. P. NEWLIN,
SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL
DENTIST,
DANVILLE, KENTY.
OFFICE—Up stairs, over Mr. J. H. Caldwell's Store. Entrance on Main street.
Nov. 18, '53 ly.DR. J. B. COWAN
TENDERS his Professional services to the citizens of Danville and vicinity. Office on Main street, next door to Mr. S. H. Hickman's Store, in the room formerly occupied by the Post Office.
Sept. 29, '54 ly.DR. JAMES HUNTER
HAS determined to remain in Danville, and will devote his attention entirely to the practice of the various branches of his profession. OFFICE—Up stairs over Mr. Budd's Silversmith Shop, in the brick building nearly opposite the Branch Bank.
March 2, '55 ly.C. F. MEYER,
DEALER IN PIANOS,
Music and Musical Instruments,
Corner of Main and Mulberry sts. (up stairs),
LEXINGTON, KY.
ENTRANCE—The iron steps on Mulberry street, opposite the Phoenix Hotel.
Pianos tuned and repaired usual.
Sept. 15, '55 ly.J. C. HEWEY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Confectioneries and Candies,
Fine Groceries,
OREGON AND DOMESTIC FRUITS,
Perfumery and Fancy Articles,
Cigars and Tobacco; Wines and Cordials; Oysters, &c. &c.,
No. 23, Main street,
Danville, Ky.,
March 14, '53WATKINS & OWSELY,
Commission Merchants, Provision
and Tobacco Brokers,
NO. 256, MAIN STREET,
LOUISVILLE, KY.A Polite Request.
I WOULD respectfully inform those of my customers who are indebted to me, that I need the money on their accounts, and they will greatly oblige me by paying up immediately. I hope this notice will be attended to.
May 18, '55 J. C. M'KAY.Sundries.
WOODEN, Willow and Stone Ware; Cotton, Grass and Hemp Ropes; Coarse Boots and Shoes, etc., for sale low by
MAY 18 J. C. M'KAY.

The Old Mill Wheel.

BY JAMES AVIS BARTLEY.

The old mill-wheel, it turns, it turns
Throughout the lovely day,
And flings the current of the stream
Abroad in glistening spray;
That old black wheel has turned for years,
Beside the mossy mill,
That stands, like some old sacred thing,
Beneath the clay red hill.

The old mill-wheel, it turns, it turns
Like time's unending one,
Which day and night, and night and day,
Hath never ceased to run,
The old mill-wheel, an emblem true,
Of Time that ne'er stands still;
I love to see it turning so,
Beside the mossy mill.

The old mill-wheel, it turns, it turns,
As in my childhood's hour;
As when I bathed beneath its rim,
In its refreshing shower;
But they who were my comrades then,
Are sleeping on the hill,
And now, to them, forever now,
The old mill-wheel stands still.

MISCELLANEOUS.

First Marriage in the Family.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

"Home!" How that little word strikes upon the heart-strings, awakening all the sweet memories that had slept in memory's chambers!—Our home was a "pearl of price" among homes; for its architectural elegance—for it was only a four-gabled, brown, country-house, shaded by two oak trees; nor was the interior crowded with luxuries that charmed every sense and came from every clime. Its furniture had grown old with use, for we remember no other, and though polished as highly as furniture could be, by daily scrubbing, was somewhat the worse for wear, it must be confessed. But neither the house nor the furniture made the home; and the charm of our life in the sympathy that linked the nine that called it "Home" to one another. Father, mother, and seven children—five of them gay hearted girls, and two boys, petted just enough to be spoiled—not one link had even dropped from the chain of love, nor one corroding drop fallen upon its brightness.

"One star differeth from another in glory," we even in the firmament of home. Thus—though we could not have told a stranger which sister was the dearest—from our gentle "eldest," an invalid herself, but the comforter and counsellor of all beside, to the curly haired boy, who romped and rejoiced in the appellation of "baby," given five years before—still an observing eye would soon have singled out sister Ellen as the sunbeam of our heaven, the "morning star" of our constellation. She was the second in age, but the first in inheritance of that load of responsibility, which in such a household, falls naturally upon the eldest daughter. The eldest as I have said, was ill from early girlhood, and Ellen had shouldered all her burden of care and kindness, with a light heart and lighter step. Up stairs and down cellar—in the parlor, nursery or kitchen—at the piano or wash tub—with pen, pencil, needle, or ladle—sister Ellen was always busy, always with a smile on her cheek and a warble on her lip.

Quickly, happily, the months and years went by. We never realized that a change was to come over our land. To be sure when mother would look in upon us, seated together, with our books, painting and needle work, and say in her gentle way, with only half a sigh, "Ah, girls, you are living your happiest days!" we would glance into each other's eyes, and wonder what would first. But it was a wonder that passed away with the hour, that ruffled not even the surface of our sisterly hearts. It could not always be so, and the change came at last! Sister Ellen was to be married!

It was like a crash of a thunder bolt in a clear summer sky! Sister Ellen—the fairy of the heart-strings, the darling of every heart—which of us could spare her? Who had been so pre-sumptuous as to find out her worth? For the first moment, this question burst from each surprised, half angry sister of the blushing, tearful Ellen. It was only for a moment; our hearts told us that nobody could help loving her, who looked through her loving blue eyes into the clear well-spring of the heart-beat. So we threw our arms around her, and sobbed without a word.

We knew very well that the young clergyman, whose Sunday sermons and gentle admonitions had won all our hearts, had been for months a weekly visitor to our fireside circle. With baby George on his knee, and George's brother and sister clustering about him, he had set for many an evening, charming hours away, until the clock started us with the unwelcome nine o'clock warning, and the softly spoken reminder, "Girls, it is bed time," woke more than one stifled sigh of regret. Then sister Ellen must go with us to lay George in his little bed; to hear him and Annette repeat the evening prayer and hymn, her lips had taught them; to comb the long brown braids of Emily's hair; to rob Arthur of the story book, over which he would have squandered the midnight oil; and to breathe a kiss and a blessing over the pillow of each other sister, as she tucked the warm blankets tenderly around them.

We did not know how often she had stolen down again, from these sisterly duties, after our senses were locked in sleep; or if our eyes were ever had ever been open to the fact, we could never have suspected the minister to have been guilty of such a plot against our peace. That name was associated in our mind with all that was superhuman. The gray haired pastor who has gone to his grave six months previous, had sat as frequently in our oaken arm chair, and talked with us. We had loved him as a father

and had almost worshipped him as the embodiment of all attainable goodness. And when Mr. Neville came among us, with his high pale forehead and soul-kindled eye, we had thought his face also "the face of an angel"—too, glorious for the taint of mortal passion; especially, after, in answer to an urgent call from the people among whom he was laboring, he had frankly told them his purpose was not to remain among them, or anywhere on his native shore; that he only wanted the guidance of Providence to a home in a foreign clime. After the much bewailed disclosure of his plans, we placed our favorite preacher on a still higher pinnacle of saint-ship.

But sister Ellen was to be married—and married to Mr. Neville. Ah! then, "Oh, sister, you are going away to India," burst from our lips, with a fresh gust of sobs.

I was the first that looked up into Ellen's troubled face. It was heaving with emotion that troubled its calmness, as the tide waves ruffled the sea. Her lips were firmly compressed, her eyes were fixed on some distant dream—glanced with two tears that stood still in their channels forbidden to fall. I almost trembled as I caught her glance.

"Sister! Agnes—Emily!" she exclaimed in a husky voice. "Hush! be calm! Don't burst my heart! Do I love him less than—"

The effort was too much; the words died on her lips. We lifted her to bed, frightened into forgetfulness of her own grief. We soothed her until she too wept freely and passionately, and in weeping grew strong, for the sacrifice to which she had pledged her heart.

We never spoke another word of remonstrance to her tender heart, though often, in a few months that flitted by us together, used to choke with sobbing in some speech that hinted of the coming separation, and hurry from her presence to cry alone.

Our mother had told us the tidings, with white lips that quivered with emotion. No love is so unselfish as a mother's sympathy; for though she leaned on Ellen as the strong staff of her declining years, she sorrowed not, as we did, that she was going. She was too happy in the thought that her daughter had found that "pearl of price," in a cold and evil world—true, noble, loving heart to guide and protect her.

Father sat in the chimney corner reading the family Bible. He was looking farther than any of us—to the perils that would environ his daughter, and the privations that might come upon her life, in that unhealthy, uncivilized corner of the globe whither she was going. Both our parents had dedicated their children to God, and they would not exonerate a shadow on the path of self-sacrifice and duty their daughter had chosen to take.

To come down to the unromantic little details of wedding preparations; how we stitched and trimmed, packed and prepared—stewed raisins with tears in our eyes, and seasoned our wedding cake with sighs. But there is little to think of over these things. Ellen was the first and foremost in all, as she had been in every emergency, great and small. Nothing could be done without her. Even the bride's cake was taken from the oven by her own fair hands, because no one—servant, sister, or even mother—was willing to run the risk of burning sister Ellen's bride cake; and she knew just how to bake it.

We were not left alone in our labors, for Ellen had been loved by more than the home folk sheltered. Old and young, rich and poor, united in bringing their gifts, regrets and blessings, to the chosen companion of their pastor they were soon to lose. There is nothing in the idea of missionary life that touches the sympathy of every heart; but touches the not long separated. To see one with sympathies and refinements like our own, read the strong ties that bind to country and home, comfort and civilization, for the good of the lost and degraded heathen, brings too strongly into relief by contrast, the selfishness of human lives led among the gayeties of time.

The day and the hour came. The ship was to sail from B— on the ensuing week, and it must take away an idol.

She stood up in the village church, that all who loved her and longed for another sight at her sweet face, might look upon her and speak the simple words that should link hearts for eternity. We sisters all around her, but not to hear, for our hearts were overflowing, and we could not wear the happy faces that should grace a train of bride's maids. She had cheered us through the day with the sunshine of her own heart, and even while we were arraying her in simple white muslin, like a lamb for the sacrifice, she had charmed our thoughts into cheerfulness. It seemed like some dream of fairy land, and she the embodiment of grace and loveliness acting the part of some Queen Titania for awhile. The dream changed into a far different reality, when at the door of our mother's room, she put her hand into that of Henry Neville, and lifted her eyes with a look that said, "where thou goest, I will go," even from all beside.

Tears fell fast in that assembly, though the good old matrons tried to smile as they passed around the bride to bless her and bid her good-bye. A little girl, in a packet and clean frock, pushed forward with a bouquet of violets and strawberry blossoms in her hand.

"Here, Miss Nelly—please, Miss Nelly," she cried half laughing, half sobbing, "I picked them on purpose for you."

Ellen stopped and kissed that little eager face. The child burst into tears, and caught the folds of her dress, as though she would have buried her face there. But a strong armed woman, mindful of the bride's attire, snatched the child away.

"And for what would ye be whimpering in that style, as if you had any right to Miss Ellen?"

"She was always good to me, and she's my Sunday school teacher," pleaded the child in an undertone.

Agnes drew her to her side and silently comforted her.

"Step aside—Father Herrick has come," said one at the door.

The crowd about the bridal pair opened to make way for the minister, who, with a white haired, half blind old man, who was leaning on the arm of his rosy grand

daughter, Father Herrick was a superannuated dutton, whose good words and works had won a place in every heart of that assembly.

"They told me she was going," he murmured, "they say 'tis her wedding. I want to see her again—God bless her."

Ellen sprang toward and laid her white trembling hands in the hand of the good old man. He drew near her, and looked searchingly into her soul-lit countenance.

"I can just see you, darling, and they tell me I shall never see you again!" He raised his hand over her head, and repeated solemnly, "the blessing of blessings be upon thee, my child. Amen."

"Amen!" echoed the solemn voice of Henry Neville.

And Ellen looked up with the perfect look of an angel.

So she went from us. Oh, the last moment of that parting hour has bonded itself into my heart forever. Could the human heart bear the agony of parting like that, realized indeed to be the last—lighted by no ray of hope or dream? Would not reason rest under the pressure?

It was hard to bear, but I have no words to tell of the bitterness. She went to her missionary life, and we learn at last to live without her, though it was many months before the little ones could forget to call on "Sister Ellen," in an impulse of joy, grief, or childish want. Then the start and the sigh, "Oh, dear, she's gone!"—and fresh tears would flow.

Gone but not lost, for the first marriage in the family opened to us a fountain of happiness, pure as the spring of self-sacrifice could make it. Our household darling had linked us to a world of needy and perishable spirits—a world that asks for those who remain in the dear country. God bless her and her charge. Dear sister Ellen, there may be other branches in the family—we may all be scattered to the four winds of Heaven, but no change can come over us like that which marked the Fair Marriage.

Using a Whole Egg.
A friend told us a story, a few days since, illustrating the free, generous character of the Irish, which we consider too good to be lost, and therefore give it to our readers.

Our friend's wife being in delicate health, it was resolved that a girl should be procured to do the house work, that the lady might have an opportunity to recover her health and spirits.

After visiting an intelligence office for two or three mornings, a fine buzzum lass of about twenty years of age, but six months from sweet Ireland, was selected and instructed as to the duties that would be expected of her.

"Now, then," says the lady, "pour the ground coffee into the pot, then pour in the hot water, and after a few minutes' boiling, put in one-half of an egg, so; and the lady illustrated each description by demonstration. 'You understand, don't you?' says the lady.

"'Inside I do, mum,'" was the response, "bile the coffee, grind in the washer, and drop in the half of an egg. Isn't that it, mum?"

"'All right,'" replied the lady. "Now, then, tomorrow morning we'll see how well you remember it."

To-morrow morning came, and the coffee was as good as could be expected. The third morning came, and to the astonishment of our friend and wife, the coffee was undrinkable and nauseating; even the odor of it was sickening. Bridget was called and questioned as follows:

"Bridget, did you first put the ground coffee in the pot?"

"'Inside I did, mum.'"

"Did you then pour in the hot water?"

"'Sure I did.'"

"How long did you let it boil?"

"'Five minutes, mum.'"

"What did you do then?"

"'Just as I showed you the other morning!'"

"Well, to tell the truth, mam," says Bridget, giving her garments a hitch with her brawny hands, "to tell ye the truth, I would have put in the half of the egg, as ye told me, but the egg was a bad one, and I thought ye wouldn't mind about keeping the half of it, and so I dropped in the critter as it was!"

WAYS OF COMMITTING SUICIDE.—Wearing thin shoes on damp nights in rainy weather. Building on the "air tight" principle. Leading a life of enfeebling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in a round of unnatural excitement by reading trashy novels.

Going to balls in all sorts of weather in the thinnest possible dress. Dancing till in a complete perspiration, and then going home through the damp air.

Sleeping on feather beds in seven by nine bedrooms.

Surfing on hot and very highly stimulating dinners.

Beginning in childhood on tea, and going on from one step to another, through coffee, chewing tobacco, smoking and drinking.

Marrying in haste, getting an uncongenial companion, and living the rest of life in mental dissatisfaction.

Keeping children quiet by teaching them to suck candy.

Eating without time to masticate the food.

Allowing love of gain to so absorb our minds, as to leave no time to attend to our health.

Following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.

Temping the appetite with niceties when the stomach says no.

Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing.

Retiring at midnight and rising at noon.

Guardminding between meals.

Giving way to fits of anger.

Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves when a simple disease first appears.

POLITE LYING.—In carrying a partridge, says Sidney Smith, I splashed Miss Markham with gravy from head to foot; and though I saw three distinct brown rills of animal juice trickling down her cheek, she had the complaisance to declare that not a drop had reached her. Such circumstances are the "triumphs of civilized life."

Petticoats of gold are still fetters, and silk cords pinch.

PUNCTUATION PUZZLE.—The following paragraph, extracted from The Portland Transcript, is a capital illustration of the importance of punctuation. There are two ways of pointing it, one which makes the individual in question a monster of wickedness, while the other converts him into a model Christian. Let our readers exercise their ingenuity on the problem, and see whether they can discover its two-fold solution:

He is an old experienced man in vice and wickedness he is never found opposing the works of iniquity he ever takes delight in the downfall of the neighborhood he never rejoices in the prosperity of any of his fellow creatures he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is pugnaciously diligent in covering discord among his fiercest and acquaintances he takes no pride in laboring to promote the cause of Christianity he has not been negligent in endeavoring to subvert all public teachers he strives hard to build up Satan's kingdom he sends no aid to the support of the gospel among the heathen he contributes largely to the evil adversary he pays no attention to good advice he gives great heed to the devil he will never go to Heaven he must go to where he will receive the just recompense of Reward.

THE BEST THING OUT.—An ex-commission merchant, repentant for past transaction, says he once sent the following "returns" for a crop of corn consigned him:

"Ma. Bawen—Sir:—I have, according to your instructions, made a forced sale of your corn, and received for it \$275 00

Against which I have commission—

For bagging, 125 00
Cartage, 12 00
Whealing, 12 50
Storage, 90 00
Ratage, 30 00
Salage, 45 00

—\$314 50

Leaving, as you perceive, a balance in your favor of \$160 50

You can draw upon me for that sum. Trusting you will honor me with still further consignments.

I remain, sir, yours sincerely,
SAM SWINTON."

By the next mail Mr. Bawen sent back the account, with these words at the bottom:

"You infernal villain! put in 'stealage' and keep the whole of it!"

FRIGHTENING A ROGUE.—In the St. Louis Recorder's Court, recently, Alexander McManus was fined \$5, for stealing wood from the steam engine Hannibal, and was asked to "fork up" by his honor.

"C-o-c-a-n't do it," muttered he, "a-a-ain't got the p-p-pewter, your honor."

"Are you a married man?" inquired the Recorder.

"N-n-n not exactly s-s-s-a so far gone y-y-yet, but in one and two years."

"Well, I will have to send you to the work-house," said the Recorder.

"T-t-t-tain't nothin' t-t-t to go t-th there," said Allick, "I-I-I-I'm used to it; b-b-but, when you t-t-t-talked about t-t-t marriage, did fellow, you f-f-f-frightened me."

A SEAMSTER'S ADVENTURE.—On one of the Sound steamers, the other night, the Captain, as usual, was looking round to see that everything was "tucked in" and all was right, when going into the lower cabin, he spied a pair of countryish boots on the extremities of their owner, and in fearful contrast with the snow-white quilts that supported them.

The considerate Captain shook Mr. Boots gently, and intimated to him, in the mildest way, that it was against the rules of the boat for gentlemen to wear their boots in bed.

As soon as the awakened owner was able to comprehend the case, he remarked very coolly:

"Oh, it won't hurt 'em, I guess; they are an old pair. I'll risk 'em."

SANTA ANNA.—This individual has known greater vicissitudes of fortune than any man of the age. He began public life in 1821, in opposition to the royalists—was made Governor of Vera Cruz and removed next year. He then raised the Republican banner, and overthrew the Emperor Iturbide. He left the Republicans and joined the Federalists—and was driven to private life. In '28, he again appeared as a Republican—changed sides—and became President. His capture in Texas put an end to his Dictatorship. In 1838, he lost a leg at Vera Cruz, fighting the French. In 1841, he was again made President, and continued in command till '45—when he was banished, and betook himself to Carthage and cock-fighting. He remained there till '46 when Mr. Polk gave him a pass to return to Mexico—where he fought sundry unsuccessful battles. In '43, he was compelled again to abdicate—and again betook himself to Carthage. It is supposed he intends now to betake himself to the same place; and amuse himself with cock-fighting, until the distractions of his country again call him from retirement.

His recent abdication is somewhat mysterious. He left the city of Mexico with his usual military retinue, and when he reached Perote he abdicated and sailed to Havana. He possesses the capacity of seeing danger a long way off—and his retreat was probably compulsory. Cur-rera was made President for six months, but by whom does not appear. Alvarez was marching upon the Capital with a large force.

NO SACRIS IN HEAVEN.—The celebrated Whitefield, when preaching on the occasion from the balcony of the Court-house, in Philadelphia, cried out, lifting his eyes to heaven: "Father Abraham, have you got in your beam?" Any Episcopalian? "No!" Any Presbyterian? "No!" Any Baptist? "No!" Have you any Methodist there? "No!" Have you any Independent or Secesters? "No!" Why, you have you them? "We don't have those names here. All here are Christians, believers in Christ." "Oh, is that the case? Then God help us all to forget party names, and to become Christians in deed and in truth!"

FALL TRADE, 1855.

J. W. & J. C. COCHRAN,
IMPORTERS & JOBBERS,
LEXINGTON, KY.

Are now prepared with the usual variety of English, French and American DRY GOODS, FOR THE FALL TRADE. Bought from first hands on most favorable terms, which they will sell to the trade at Jobber's prices in New York and Philadelphia, with the addition of carriage, thereby saving to purchasers the expense of the trip East. We will be pleased to show our stock to the trade generally.

J. W. & J. C. COCHRAN.
Aug. 18 '55

N. B. From this date Cannelton Cottons will be sold by the bale exclusively at net prices.

LADIES' FAIR.

THE Young Ladies of Danville intend to give a FAIR on the evening of Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, September 25th, 26th and 28th, (being the time of the Agricultural Fair in Danville). The Fair will be held in large and commodious apartments, where will be offered for sale a little of everything rich and rare—pretty to look at and agreeable to the taste. There will also be various sources of amusement to gratify the lovers of fun.

The patronage of the citizens of Boyle and the surrounding counties is respectfully solicited.

Danville, Sept. 7, '55 td

FOR SALE.

I WILL sell, upon liberal terms, MY RESIDENCE, adjoining the town of Danville.

LOGAN HUNTON.

July 20, '55

A Very Desirable FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale the FARM on which he now lives,

Containing near 300 Acres.

It lies immediately on an excellent turnpike about 3 miles from Danville, in the direction of Hustonville. This place is celebrated for its remarkably fine and permanent springs, rising in almost every enclosure on the place. The water is unsurpassed by any in the world. The weakest spring on the product of corn for the year of the excessive drought of last year, furnished water enough to supply a city. The productive qualities of this farm will bear comparison with any in the State. Year before last it produced 100 bushels of corn for every acre. The product of corn for the year of the very dry season of last year was about 100 bushels per acre. Near 300 shocks were measured and sold, which averaged that yield. It is thought that few farms in the State exceeded this product last year. During 13 years, there has been comparatively no sickness on the premises. The subscriber has lived that time on the place. During 3 years at a time there was no sickness in the family. The place is remarkable for its healthfulness. The improvements are desirable and pleasantly situated, including a Dwelling-house with 6 rooms, Out-houses, a very large Barn with granaries, &c. There is almost every variety of fruit. The apple orchard never fails, and contains some of the best sorts of winter apples. "The whole place is enclosed. Purchasers are invited to call, and the undersigned will take pleasure in showing the premises. The place will be sold at private sale if not sold.

Before the 15th day of October next, it will then be sold at Public Sale, to the highest bidder. The terms will be one-third cash, the balance in two equal annual installments, that is, in one and two years.

On the same day, Monday, the 15th day of October next, will be sold on the premises, to the highest bidder.

All the Stock, Farming Utensils, Crop, &c. &c.

Consisting of Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs; a large quantity of Corn; Oats in the sheaf; Wheat; and every necessary Farming Implements; Furniture; Carriage, &c. &c. belonging to the subscriber.

TERMS.—Under \$10, cash; that sum and over a negotiable note with good security, payable in four months. Possession of the Farm and premises given immediately after the 15th of October.

A. A. ANDERSON.
Boyle co. Aug. 3, '55

FINE RESIDENCE And Land for Sale!

THE subscriber offers for sale, his very desirable RESIDENCE, together with 70 Acres of Land attached, adjoining the town of Danville. The improvements consist of a large Farm, 50 by 22 feet in front, with an ELL of 40 by 34 feet. There are 8 rooms and 2 large halls, with a dry stone cellar under the whole front. There is a two-story Portico in front, 10 by 18 feet, handson, elegantly proportioned to the size of the house. There are 2 large porches, one on each side of the ELL; also, two pretty Cottage rooms in the yard, 14 by 17 feet.

There is a large Garden, with almost every variety of the best selected Fruits, now all bearing. There are 3 Servant's rooms besides the Kitchen, together with Ice-house, Wash-house, Wood and Wagon sheds, corn crib and large Stable. The Out-buildings are all well framed for taste, comfort and convenience. Those improvements have all been made within the last six years, and with the best materials to be had. There are two leading Springs, and also leading running water on the place. Take it altogether, this is the most desirable place in the vicinity of Danville. Every thing is handsomely arranged about it. The site of the buildings is high, commanding and beautiful. Any person wishing to purchase, can know the terms by calling on the undersigned, residing on the premises.

J. S. GILLESPIE.
N. B. 100 Acres of Knob Lick, well timbered, and good road to get to it, will be sold with the above, if desired.
Danville, July 27, '55

W. & H. BURKHARDT,
417, Market Street,
LOUISVILLE, KY.
Wholesale & Retail Grocers,
DEALERS IN
Fine Groceries, Teas, Wines, Liquors,
Imported Fruits, Hermetically Sealed
Fruits, Preserves, Pickles, Nuts,
Brooms, Wooden Ware,
Baskets, &c. &c.
Jan. 12, '55 ly

EXECUTOR'S SALE

Of Land, Negroes, Stock, &c.

A S Executor of HENRY HARLAN, deceased, I will sell to the highest bidder, at his late residence, in Boyle county, Ky., 2 miles south-east of Danville.

On Tuesday, October 2, 1855, at 11 o'clock, A. M., All the Property of said deceased, BOTH REAL AND PERSONAL, CONSISTING OF

On which he resided at the time of his death. Containing about 456 Acres. The most of which is first rate land, in a high state of cultivation, as the crop upon it will show. The Land has upon it Two Dwellings, which makes it susceptible of being divided into TWO FARMS, with fine Water and Timber suitable to each. At one of the Dwellings there are all necessary Out-Buildings, fine Fruit, &c.

14 valuable Negroes, Men, Women and Children.

About 27 head of Horses, most of them good Road Horses;

45 or 50 head of Cattle, all descriptions, some very good Milch Cows, and all good stock;

3 Yoke of Oxen; about 140 head of Good Hogs, 50 or 70 suitable for the drove, about 100 head of Sheep, good stock.

ONE JACK.

Known as I. P. Fisher's old Jack;

All the Farming Utensils; House and Kitchen Furniture; about 80 Acres of Corn in the field; about 400 Bushels of Wheat; also, Hay and Oats; 5 Shares of Stock in the Central Bank at Danville, and 2 or 3 Shares of Turnpike Stock in the Lincoln Road from Danville to Crab Orchard.

Terms of Sale.—The Land will be sold on the following terms: "one-third in 6 months, the balance in two equal annual payments. The balance of the property will be sold on a credit of 12 months for all sums over \$10; that sum and under, cash in hand. Purchasers will be required to give bond with approved security, payable in the Branch Bank at Danville, Ky., before the property is removed.

Any person desiring to see any of the property, can call on Mr. Wm. G. Bruce, on the premises, or HENRY HARPER, Esq., living one mile distant.

W. B. HARLAN, Exec'r.
Under the Will.

Boyle co. Aug. 17, '55

BOYLE COUNTY FARM FOR SALE.

WISH to sell the FARM on which I now reside, lying near the Danville and Hustonville Turnpike, 2½ miles from Danville.

Containing 104½ Acres.

This place is in a good state of cultivation, well watered, and in tolerably good improvement. There is a young Apple Orchard of choice trees just set out this spring, together with various other Fruits. Any person desiring to purchase a small and pleasant place near Danville, is invited to give a call.

JNO. U. ROCHESTER.
July 6, 1855 ly

Farm for Sale.

WISH to sell MY FARM, on which I reside, lying on Salt River, near the Danville and Lebanon Turnpike.

Containing 195 Acres.

It is in a good state of cultivation, with a good Dwelling-house and all necessary out-buildings. I also have some Knob Lick Land, lying sufficiently near to supply timber.

J. S. CALDWELL.
Boyle co., May 4, '55 ly

THE COLUMBIA MALE AND FEMALE HIGH SCHOOL.

THIS Institution, situated in Columbia, Ky., and recently transferred to the care of the Presbytery of Transylvania has determined to make a first class Institution. It has, for this purpose, appointed the following Board of Trustees, viz:

Rev. James C. Barnes, D. D.—Rev. A. A. Booke—Rev. John Montgomery—Rev. S. B. Church—Timoleon Cravens, Esq.—Thomas E. Bramlette, Esq.—Mr. Josiah Harris—S. B. Fields, M. D.—Mr. Nathan Montgomery—T. T. Alexander, Esq.

The Board of Trustees are happy in being able to state to parents and guardians that they may safely send their sons, daughters, and wards to the Columbia High School, where they will have every advantage in forming a good character, and acquiring a complete education.

The town is healthy and moral—the buildings new, large and well furnished—the course of instruction will be very thorough, embracing all the English branches; a thorough course of Mathematics, Latin, Greek and Modern Languages.

The Faculty are learned and experienced Teachers—all of them graduates of the best institutions in the country, and have been highly successful instructors of youth. They are:

Rev. J. L. McKee, Principal and Teacher of Mr. Jas. B. Rus, Teacher in Male Department, Miss Alice Morgan, "in Female

Mrs. P. R. Rus, Teacher of Music and Embroidery.

The year will be divided into two sessions of twenty weeks each. At the close of the Summer Term, there will be a Public Examination. The First Session will commence on the first Monday in September, 1855.

Terms per Session of Twenty Weeks:

Board with Principal, including washing, fuel, and lights, \$40

No. 1 Two-horse Wagon, for Farm use
for sale by
July 30
J. B. AKIN.

Gutta Percha Oil Polish,
SUPERSEDING Grease and Polish for all
kinds of Leather work. This new and ex-
cellent article is composed of different Oil ex-
tracts for greasing and polishing Boots, Ladies
Slippers, Shoes, India Rubbers, Harness, Car-
pet Ties, etc.

G. DURANT, of Brussels, Belgium, General
Agent for the United States.
J. B. AKIN,
aug 31, 3-4
Agent for Boyle county.

POWDER...WELSH & NICHOLS have
just received a large lot of Miami Spring
Powder, in $\frac{1}{2}$ and pound canisters.

A LARGE lot of Star and Tallow Candle
just received at
WELSH & NICHOLS.

COWS.
TEN or twelve good Milk
Cows for sale. Enquire
of

—Black, Blue and Red INKS, warranted
very superior, for sale by
A. S. McGRORTY.